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And ANNA's fall'n, the sweetest friend,
That ever heart with anguish fill'd ;
When village nymphs shall her transcend,

Perfection's self the plain shall gild ;
Meek Morn's effulgence, when she smil'd,
Secur'd rising on the raptur'd sight ;
And when she spoke, the wood-notes wild,
Of red-breast sweet, gave less delight.

High-minded Pride, tho' once in heav'n,
In her pure breast, no place could share,
Nor could her temper's tenor ev'n
Be ruffled by perturbing Care,
Forbearance taught her soul to share
Vain Folly's faults, that mov'd her sigh ;
And Pity bade her tend the pray'r
Of Indigence, with tear-wet eye.

Rude Winter, Nature's sweets shall scorn,
And grove and glen of joy bereave ;
But who, so kind on snowy morn,
From treacherous snares shall birds relieve ?

Blest Spring shall bloom, but who will weave

Her bow'r anew ? for low she lies,
Who busied there, seem'd spotless Eve,
Adorning blissful paradise.

Now cold her hand, by Nature grac'd,
That plied its task of tasteful art,
And clos'd her eye that softly gaz'd
On him she lov'd, Affection's heart ;
Ah ! love-lorn swain, if others smart
So deeply, what transpiercing pain,
Her image hourly must impart,

" Whose like thou ne'er shalt see again ?"

But, suffer friends who mutely blend,
The griefs that language can't relate,
The excellence your minds commend,
Ye should attempt to imitate ;
And ANNA was resigned to fate,
And patient when acutely pain'd,
For Faith and Hope could antedate,
The joys of Heav'n, by goodness gain'd.

Then let 'em heav'n-ward raise each eye,
That on her bier these showers have stream'd

While angels hail, in yonder sky
Her shade, who here their sister seem'd ;
And now each virtue we esteem'd,
And charm we lov'd made more divine,
She sings the song of the redeem'd,
And basks in bliss while we repine.

Ballycarry.

J.O.

ELEGY.

WHEN humble merit meets the stroke
of fate,

No bard is found to celebrate his fame,
All praise is lavished on the rich and great,

Whilst in oblivion sinks the poor man's name.

Not so the tribute of my humble lays,
Shall e'er be spent upon the great
man's tomb,

My muse shall speak an honest neighbour's
praise,

Who lately fell beneath the general
doom.

As truly useful in his sphere of life,
The mean mechanic, as the wealthy
peer,

The loss as deeply felt by friends or wife,
Who o'er his coffin pour the streaming
tear.

The man I mourn could boast no noble
name,

His birth was low, uncultivate his mind,
Yet his heart glowed with virtue's genuine
flame,

His soul was noble, generous, and kind.

In every art mechanical, well skilled,
His ready hand a willing aid would
lend,

The various offices of life he filled,
A worthy father, brother, husband
friend.

Light be the turf upon his honest breast,
And sacred be the sod which shrouds
his clay,

Let no rude hand his humble grave molest,
Till the last trump shall wake to endless
day. L.

ON MISS EDGEWORTH'S BELINDA.

FROM this good tale we learn not to ap-
prove,

Those who dogs, pictures, or goldfinches
love ;

But men, or goldfish misses may a-
dore,

Only two men at once—not any more ;

If one does wrong, may send him to the
devil,

When first they're sure another will be
civil ;

Of their affairs, Reason may rule the
rest,

In love alone what is prefer'd is best ;

Those only too have sense, who went to
school,

And every child of nature is a fool.

NEM—

SELECT POETRY.

GLENCOE MASSACRE.

LOUD o'er the hill the tempest roars,

Loud o'er the steep the torrent pours,

Adown the snowy dale ;

Yet louder far was heard below,

The lamentable voice of woe,

In Glencoe's gloomy vale !

Loud roars the spirit of the storm,
On rending, roaring, whirlwinds borne,
And whistling flies the heath;
But not the ruthless tempest's rave,
Nor loudest fury of the wave,
Nor storms fierce pouring from the north,
Was half so loud, as howling forth,
Approach'd the ghost of death.

Fair rose the sun on Glencoe vale,
And fair he smil'd on Glencoe vale,
And fair he sought the wave;
But e'er he burst the gates of day,
Sweet Glencoe vale wild scatter'd lay,
One wide extended grave!

And murmuring to the nightly beam,
Slow winding mov'd the valley stream,
A silver chrystal flood;
But e'er the star of morning came,
It roaring, tore its once sweet scene,
And rolling roar'd with rapid force,
Along its wonted lovely course,
A roaring stream of blood!

Night now had drawn her sable veil,
O'er half the world, while Luna pale,
Gaz'd on the earth beneath;
The toil-worn hind to sleep betake,
A sleep from which they ne'er should
wake,
But in the arms of death!

The unsheath'd poignard waits th' alarm,
And Murder rears her treacherous arm,
To seek the victim's heart;
The crackling beams ascend on high,
Sires, husbands, mother, children die,
All points of kindred carnage lie,
A thousand groans are heard!

The vaulted cliffs rebound the cries,
Of thousands sunk ne'er more to rise,
To death's dark kingdom driven;
Death raises all his voices round,
The hills give back the dismal sound,
The ghosts of night on æther borne,
Increase the roaring of the storm,
And rend the vault of heaven.

New rillets form'd of blood burst round,
And tremble o'er the trembling ground,
And crimson all the plain;
The mothers' shrieks, the children's cries,
The fathers' groans, the husbands' sighs!
The scream terrific of the owl,
The lightning's flash, the thunder's roll,
Death's horrid chorus join!

Death's done his worst, the deed is done;
Now groans are dying all around,
Now calms the bloody wave;
While from the north the driving sleet,
Pelts heedless on the sons of fate,
The clotted gore's their winding sheet,
The drifted snow their grave!

The morning rose on Glencoe vale,
But night remained in Glencoe vale,
Their sun had ever set:
The ravens wade from shore to shore,
O'er hills of slain, thro' seas of gore,
Or off on bloody pinions bore,
The horrid tale relate.

Ah! who can hear, or who can tell,
The bloody deed, the mournful tale,
Without one feeling tear?
Each homely roof, a grave the while!
Each rural cot, a funeral pile!
Each bed, a bloody bier!

Glasgow.

R. G.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Report of the Proceedings of the Class of Fine Arts, of the French Institute, from the 1st of October, 1808, to the 1st of October, 1809; by M. Joachim Le Breton, perpetual Secretary of the Class, &c.

THE questions, that the class has proposed to travellers, respecting the remains termed Cyclopean, have procured much interesting information. M. Lasteyrie, has sent some account of the ruins of Ausidonia and Saturnia in the district of Sienna, with accurate drawings, by means of which we may form an idea of the dimensions of the stones, and hence of

the height of the walls. The walls of Ausidonia, he observes, are constructed to brave the effect of time. The stones are nearly of the same dimensions as when they issued from the quarry; and they rest on one another without the intervention of any cement. Might not this mode of building, at once durable and economical, be still employed for public edifices? Among other remarks on these two cities, much older than the Roman republic, he thinks there is reason to presume, that the scaffolding was formed by means of ropes.